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#4

Disney PIRATES of the CARIBBEAN



SCHWEIZER
FLOOD



Disney PIRATES of the CARIBBEAN



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Mother of Water

STORY
CHRIS SCHWEIZER

ART
JOE FLOOD

ASK A PIRATE WHAT THEY
MIGHT DO FOR TREASURE,
AND LIKE ENOUGH YOU'LL
GET A CRY OF "ANYTHING!"
AND A KICK IN THE SHINS.

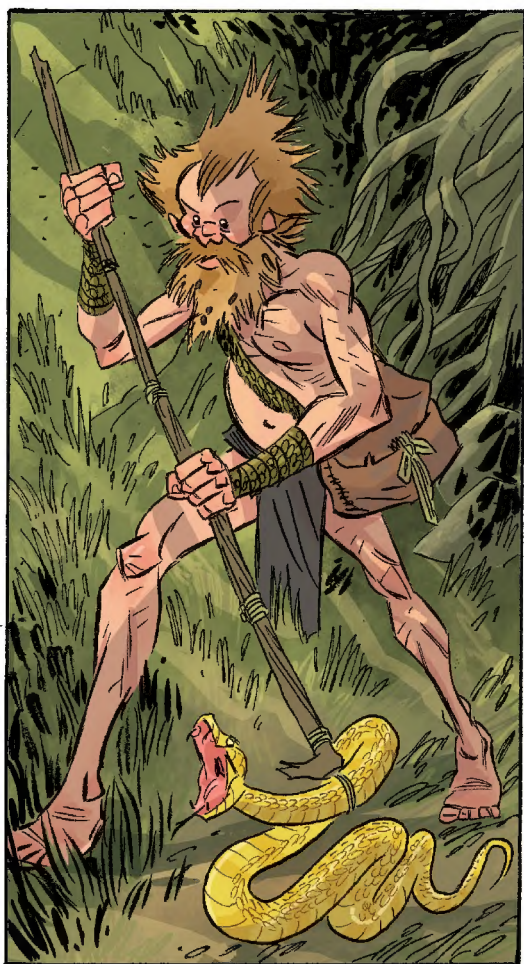
BUT THOUGH IDLE CHATTER
MAY SO ATTEST, THERE BE
NOT MANY WHO WOULD DARE
SAIL UP THE LOS PESADILLA,
HAVING HEARD TELL OF THE
HORRORS THAT AWAIT THEM
WHO WOULD....

...AND THAT,
MISTER GIBBS,
IS WHY YOU
SHOULD NEVER WEAR
MORE THAN SIX
PETTICOATS AT ONCE,
UNLESS YOU ARE
PASSABLY FLUENT
IN DUTCH.











RIGHT.
LET'S
GO.



JACK!
WHO WAS
THAT?

HAVEN'T
THE
FOGGIEST.



MIGHT HE BE
AFTER OUR
TREASURE?

LOOKS
T'ME LIKE HE
WAS AFTER
SNAKES,
LUV.

WHY IS
HE HERE? I
THOUGHT EVEN
THE LOCAL
JUNGLE TRIBES
STEERED CLEAR
OF THIS
PLACE.



YOU'D HAVE TO
ASK HIM, MATE. ALL
I KNOW IS THAT WE
ARE TANTALIZINGLY
CLOSE TO A TREASURE
THAT WILL ALTER
THE FABRIC OF OUR
VERY EXISTENCE.

AND
NOW THAT IT'S
SO NEAR TO HAND,
JACK, OUGHTN'T
YOU **SHARE** WITH US
THE PRECISE NATURE
OF THIS TREASURE
FOR WHICH YOU'D
HAVE US RISK LIFE
AND LIMB BY SAILING
UP THE DREADED LOS
PESADILLA AND HIKING
ITS TREACHEROUS
BANKS?



IN YOUR MANY YEARS AND
WIDE TRAVELS, MISTER GIBBS,
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD LORE
AND/OR LEGEND PERTAINING
TO AN OBJECT THAT WOULD
ALLOW WHATEVER SCALLYWAG
HAS HOLD OF IT THE ABILITY
TO CALL UPON THE
WIND ITSELF?

YOU
DON'T
MEAN...

IT
CAN'T
BE!

WHAT?





IF OUR
REPTILE
ENTHUSIAST
FRIEND HAS,
OR RATHER HAD,
ANY COMPANIONS
THEN I SUSPECT
THEY ARE EITHER
LONG GONE,
OR SOON
WILL BE.



THEN
AGAIN,
I COULD
ALWAYS BE
WRONG.



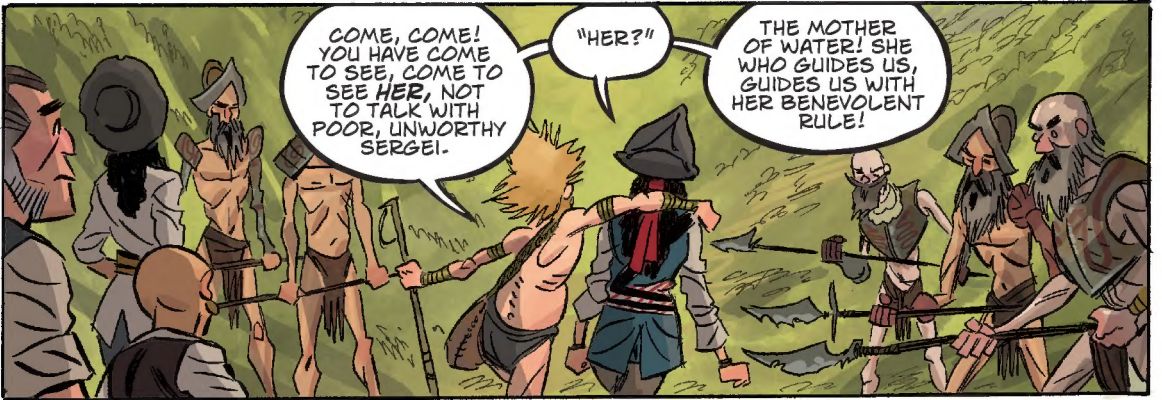
I TOLD THEM...
TOLD THEM
YOU HAD
COME!



IT HAS BEEN SO
LONG, SO LONG
SINCE ANY HAVE
MADE THE
PILGRIMAGE
HERE!



WELCOME,
WELCOME! WE
ARE SO VERY
GLAD, VERY
GLAD THAT
YOU HAVE
COME!



COME, COME!
YOU HAVE COME
TO SEE, COME TO
SEE HER, NOT
TO TALK WITH
POOR, UNWORTHY
SERGEI.

"HER?"

THE MOTHER
OF WATER! SHE
WHO GUIDES US,
GUIDES US WITH
HER BENEVOLENT
RULE!



SERGEI, WHILST
I AM ALL A'TWITTER
TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS
QUEEN OF YOURS TO WHOM
YOU MAKE SUCH FERVENT
AND FREQUENT REFERENCE,
I HAVE **ANOTHER** ERRAND
THAT IS A TITCH MORE
IMMEDIATE, SAVVY?

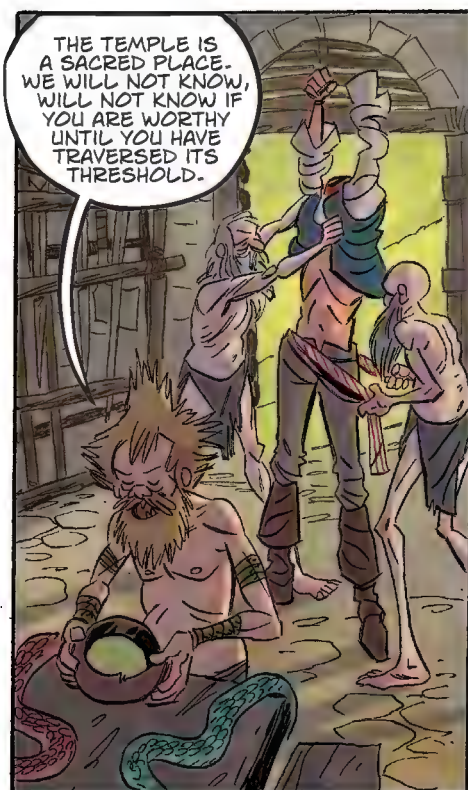
ERRAND,
ERRAND?



JUST A
WORTHLESS
OLD BAUBLE I
NEEDED TO PICK UP,
INSIDE THE OLD
MISSION
THERE.

MISSION?
YOU MEAN...
YOU MEAN THE
TEMPLE?





THE TEMPLE IS A SACRED PLACE. WE WILL NOT KNOW, WILL NOT KNOW IF YOU ARE WORTHY UNTIL YOU HAVE TRAVERSED ITS THRESHOLD.



HAVE AT IT, MATE. A TRUE BELIEVER, THAT'S CAPTAIN JACK. I CAN ONLY EXPRESS MY SINCERE EMBARRASSMENT AT HAVING LEFT ME OWN RELIGIOUS BODY PAINT AT HOME.



WHAT VISITORS WE RECEIVE ARE RARELY SO ACQUIESCENT, THOUGH THEY KNOW NOT THE GREAT HONOR THEY ARE TO BE AFFORDED.



WE WELCOME YOU, STRANGER.

MUCH OBLIGED, MATE. AND AS I AM A WHOLEHEARTED ADHERENT TO YOUR CULTISH BELIEFS (WHATEVER THEY MAY HAPPEN T'BE)...

I HOPE THAT I MIGHT DEMONSTRATE MY RELIGIOUS DEVOTION BY, SAY, GETTING TO KNOW YOUR TEMPLE AND ANY OF ITS NOOKS AND CRANNIES WHEREIN A PARTICULAR OBJECT MIGHT BE HID.



SNAKE VENOM, IS IT? NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF MESELF.







THE
MOTHER OF
WATER!

THE
MOTHER OF
WATER!

SHE BROUGHT
FORTH THE SPRING
THAT GIVES US LIFE
AND SANCTUARY!
SHE KEEPS AWAY
THE PREDATORS
THAT WOULD
MAKE MEALS
OF US!

THOUGH WE
DO OUR BEST TO
SATISFY HER, WE
ARE HER UNWORTHY
CONGREGATION,
AND WOULD NOT
PRESUME TO MAKE
OFFERINGS OF OUR
BODIES TO HER
INSATIABLE
APPETITE.

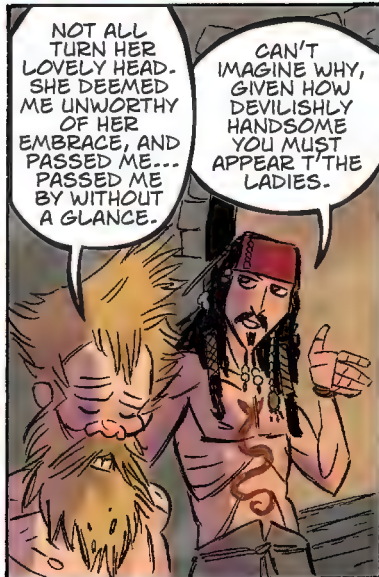
THUS, WHEN
MEN FROM
THE OUTSIDE
WORLD MAKE
THEIR WAY
HITHER, WE
BRING THEM
TO HER
CHAMBER.

NOT ALL
TURN HER
LOVELY HEAD.
SHE DEEMED
ME UNWORTHY
OF HER
EMBRACE, AND
PASSED ME...
PASSED ME
BY WITHOUT A
GLANCE.

CAN'T
IMAGINE WHY,
GIVEN HOW
DEVILISHLY
HANDSOME
YOU MUST
APPEAR TO THE
LADIES.

THE
MOTHER
OF
WATER!

OH, IT'S
THAT
SORT OF
CULT.



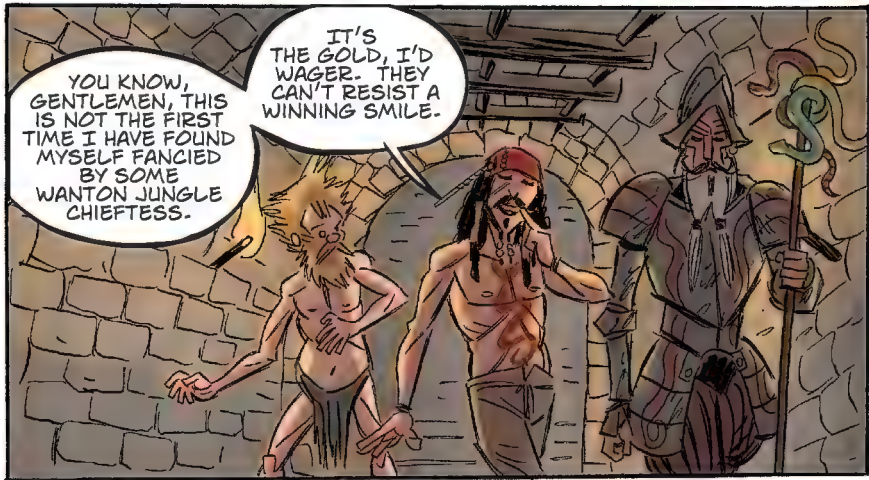
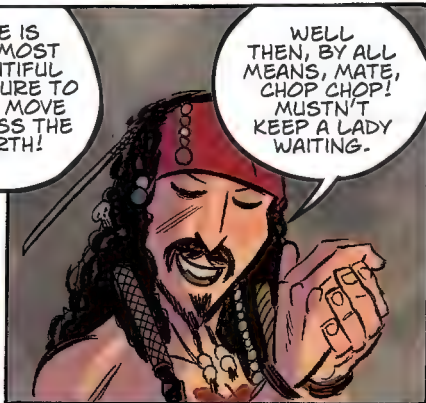
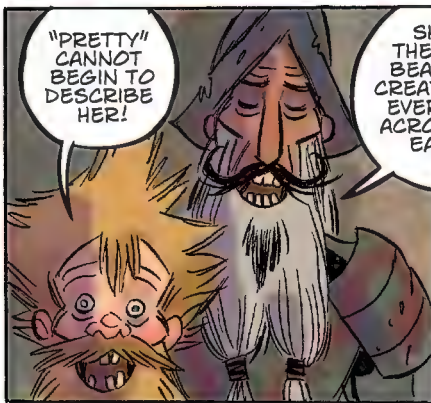
SO THIS
"MOTHER OF
WATER"...

IS SHE THE
SORT T'TURN
A MATE'S EYE?
PRETTY-LIKE?

"PRETTY"
CANNOT
BEGIN TO
DESCRIBE
HER!

SHE IS
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE TO
EVER MOVE
ACROSS THE
EARTH!

WELL
THEN, BY ALL
MEANS, MATE,
CHOP CHOP!
MUSTN'T
KEEP A LADY
WAITING.



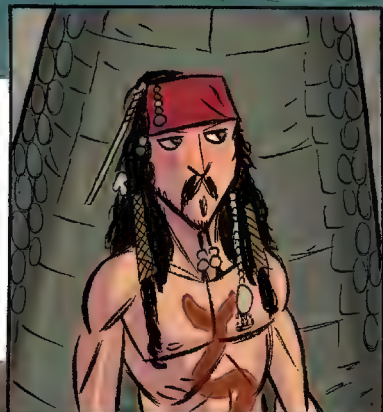
YOU KNOW,
GENTLEMEN, THIS
IS NOT THE FIRST
TIME I HAVE FOUND
MYSELF FANCIED
BY SOME
WANTON JUNGLE
CHIEFTESS.

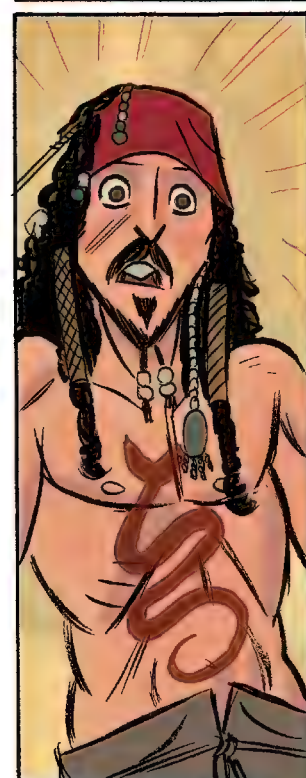
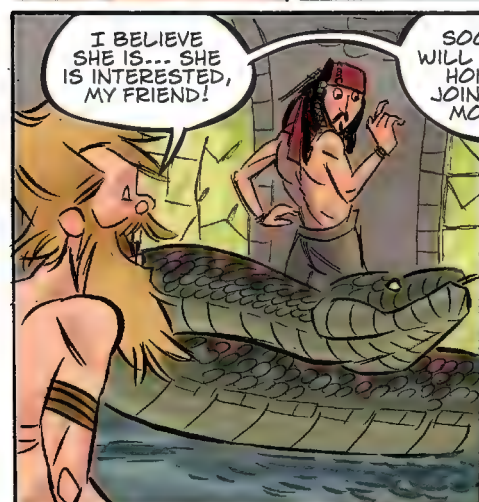
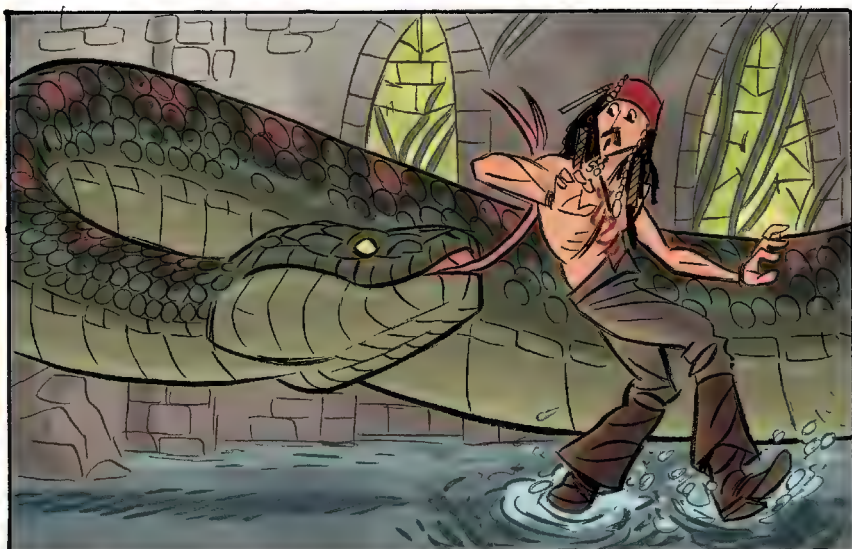
IT'S
THE GOLD, I'D
WAGER. THEY
CAN'T RESIST A
WINNING SMILE.

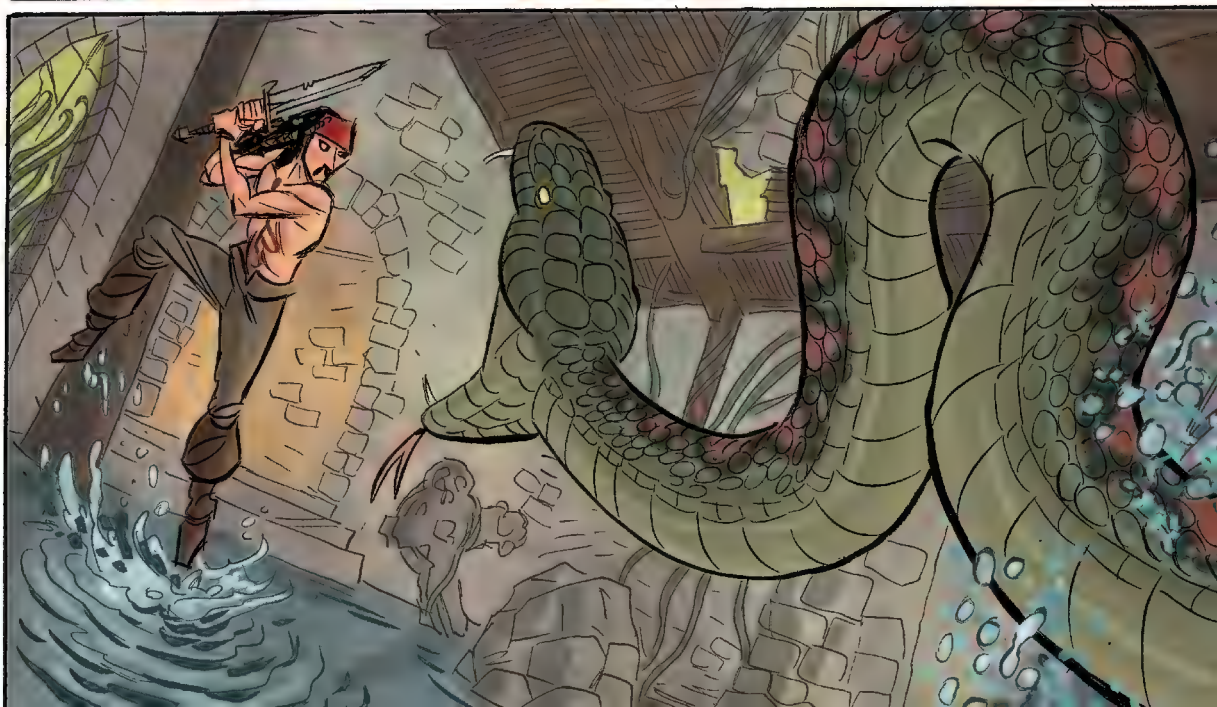
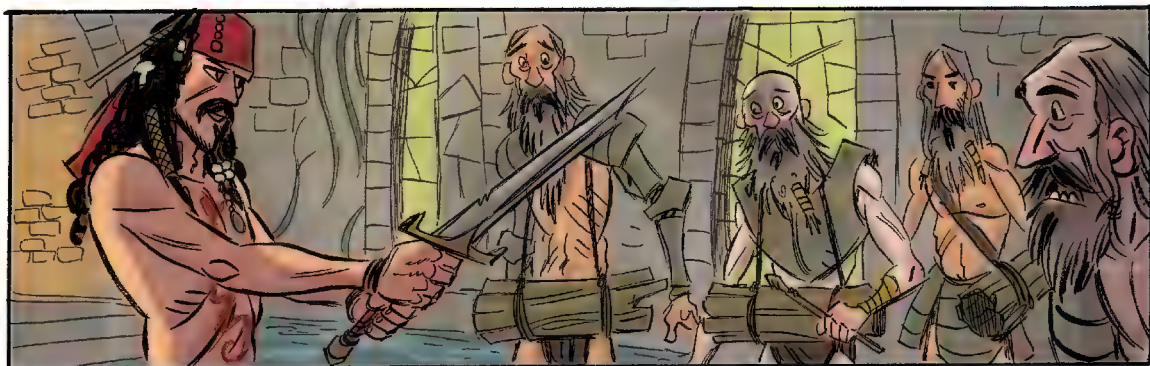


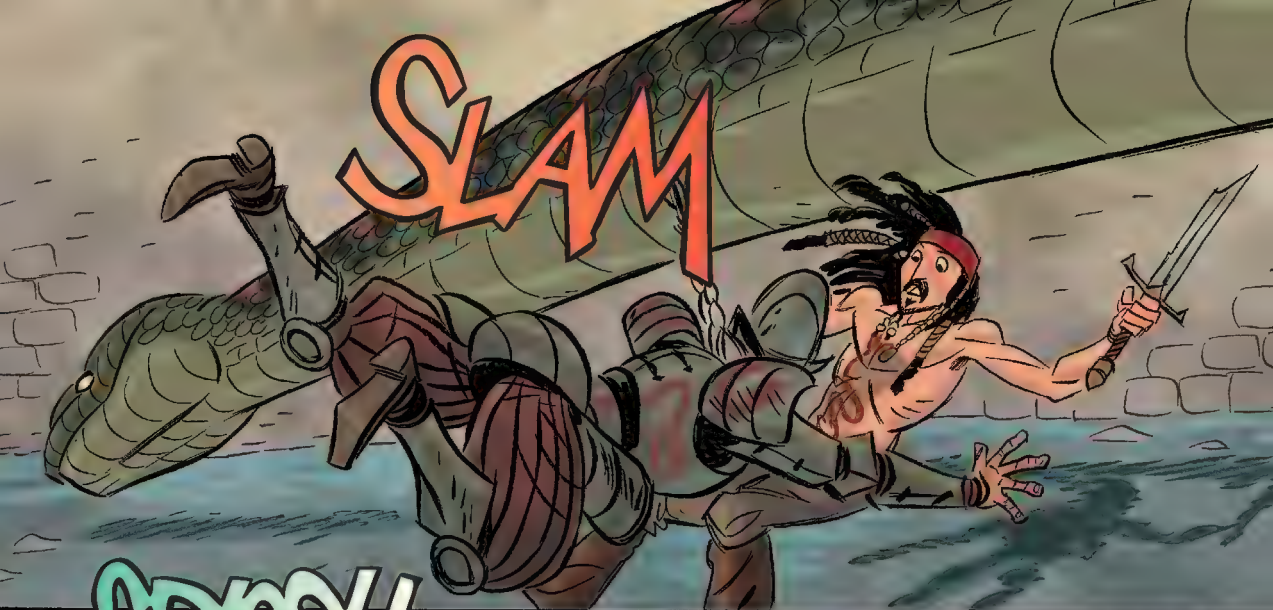
NOT VERY ROMANTIC. CLAMMY.

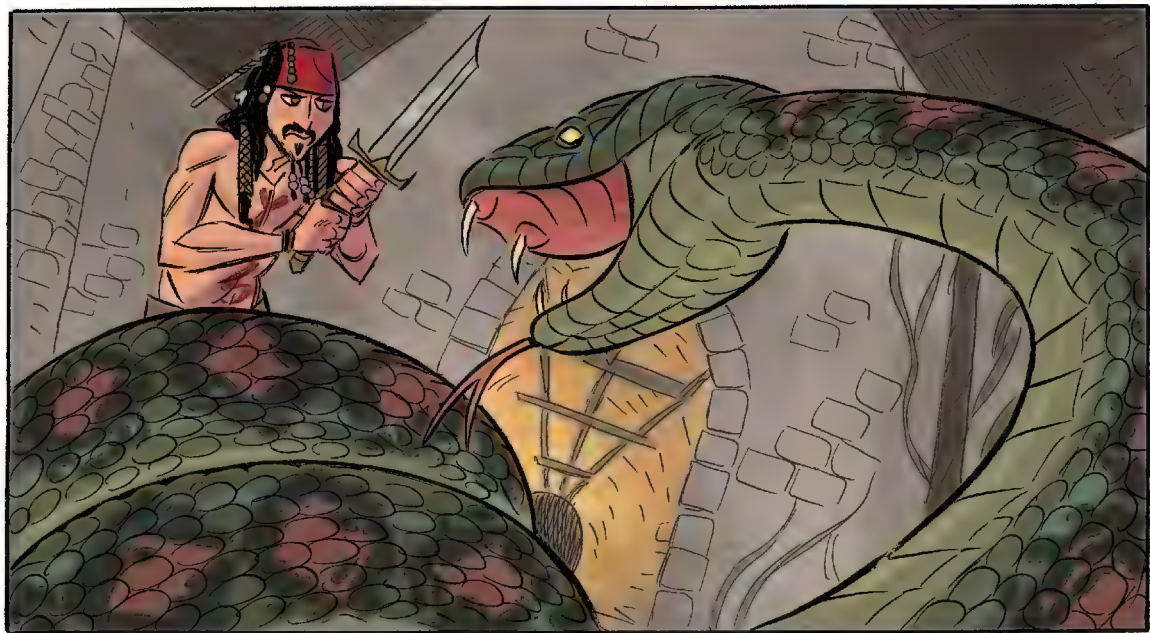
I'M NOT SURE THE DRUMS AND THEIR ACCOMPANYING SPECTATORS WILL DO MUCH FOR THE MOOD, EITHER.











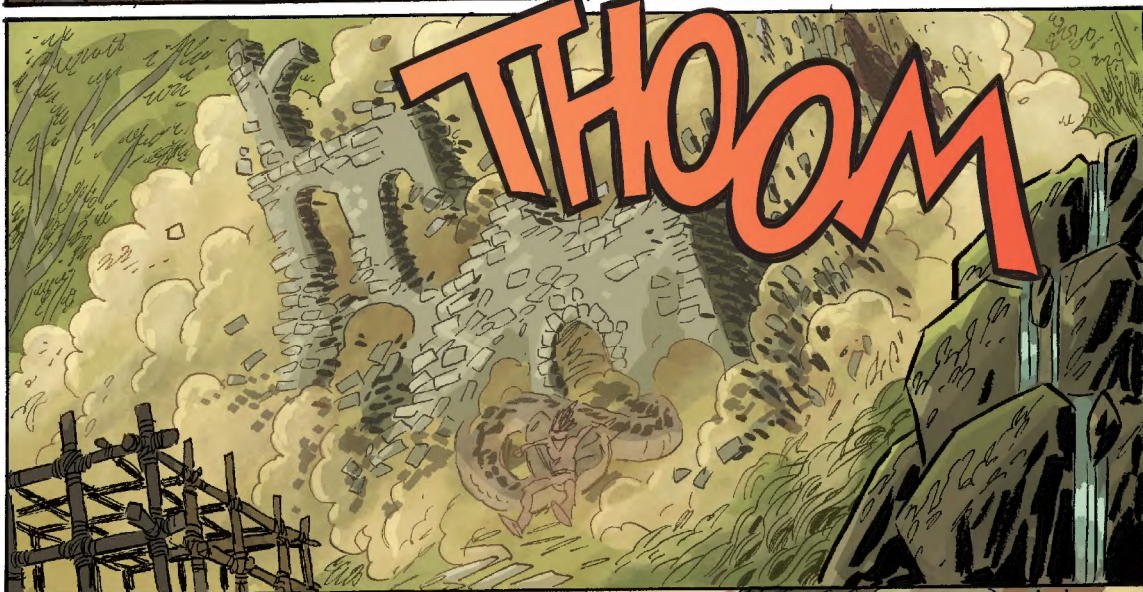




SHIND











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